

# The Stars You Wrote Me

MrHalloween2

## Summary:

Mike Wheeler is a Star Trek fan.

He also happens to think that Kirk and Spock are soulmates, like many do, and secretly writes about his two favorite characters.

Will Byers, just looking for his coat in Mike's closet, is invested and also very in love.

## Notes:

Hello again! I've been throwing this idea around in my head (And my tumblr, if you're from there my apologies this took so long to actually write out Netflix took Star Trek off it's catalog so I mourned) that Mike is one of those original Spirk shippers who wrote fanfic by hand in composition books. I love the idea of that for him and Will finding it and being obsessed with the story.

Some brief angst happens but it's very soft angst, Mike at first thinks Will is gonna hate him for writing a story where the characters are gay. Will does not, we're all good dears <3

(See the end of the work for [more notes](#).)

## Work Text:

*The Missed Moments, of You And I*

*By MW*

*“Captain” Spock stood at attention, the elegant but fond way he spoke to him had Kirk biting down a grin.*

*“Yes, Mr.Spock?” Kirk looked over the star chart for the system they’d be passing by. “Is there anything I can help you with?”*

*“No Captain I just wished to...as you’d say bounce some ideas off of you” Spock leaned, subtly and hardly noticeable, over his captain's shoulder. “I believe you took an engineering track for fun?”*

*“You remember correctly commander” Kirk laughed, tilting his head slightly to look up at the man. “I’m honored to be your sounding board this evening, what can I do for you?”*

*“Well, I believe that if we adjust a mathematical equation in the input of the engines.....”*

### ***Thirty minutes later***

*“You know Mr.Spock that I put the utmost trust in your decisions, but if you tell McCoy that I have Teruvian Flu again to get me out of this engineering deck I’m putting you in the brig” Kirk called from the inside of an engine coil. Scotty was cackling from the sides.*

*“We have no brig’s aboard captain, fire at will” Spock’s eyebrows twitched ever so slightly.*

*“Captain, I fear we are as you would say ‘treading water’” Spock huffed.*

*“Nonsense Commander Spock, I’m quite sure you don’t know the word fear” Kirk kicked at the purple waves.*

*“You hold me in greater esteem than I deserve Jim” Spock kicked up on a rock as they rushed past it. Allowing them to get close to a log, Spock grappled for it and threw them onto the dry land with the momentum.*

*“No Spock, I think I hold you in just the right amount” Jim wheezed, head resting on Spock’s chest for a minute to catch his breath.*

*His golden tresses were damp with the lilac water. It stuck to Spock’s uniform and the highlights of color seemed to pop to life pleasantly.*

*Spock’s ears twitched, and he had to exercise many meditative techniques to*

*refrain from reaching. From caressing those strands and tucking them back into place.*

*He feared if he did, his hands would wander. Because Spock is a greedy man at his core...*

*They would cup golden skin and trace the edges of eternity that lay at the corner of his captain's mouth.*

*Always golden, for one time in his years Spock could understand the all-consuming desire that earth in the nineteenth century had for it.*

*His captain laughed warmly and got up slowly and they started to search for the ones who had thrown them into the river.*

*The captain didn't notice how flushed and green his commander's fingertips were.*

*He never did.*

*"So ...you're married Commander" Jim coughed out. Trying to pass it off as him saying it in a joking manner. The bridge seemed to buy it, Sulu was watching them with a mischievous smile. "I wasn't aware"*

*"It wasn't prudent Captain" Spock gave the Vulcan equivalent of a shrug. Raising his eyebrow. "Are you surprised I am married?"*

*There was a small moment of eye contact, the hair on Kirk's arms prickled and dared to goosebump when his heart was in this condition.*

*“No, no of course not my friend you’re a catch” Jim laughed, palms pressing deeply into the sides of his chair. Sulu called a starch agreement, congratulating Spock on his nuptials. “This wife of yours Is a lucky woman, I’ll simply have to meet her”*

*“T’pring is stationed far off on the other side of the quadrants I believe sir” Spock was giving him the lookover. The Vulcan version was far harder to notice than the human.*

*“.....You don’t know?” He asked, holding his breath as he made his words as nonchalant as he could. Nonjudgmental.*

*“No captain, we maintain a strictly professional relationship” Spock’s eyes went back to the screen.*

*Professional as in their sort of professional or.....arranged?*

*Perhaps it was arranged.*

*Kirk allowed himself the privilege of relaxing his hands. A shot of pain throbbed in his wrists from the strain.*

*He doesn’t know why his chest aches, or why his mouth goes dry at the thought of Spock with his own wife.....*

*Kirk lightly bit his cheek.*

*No.*

*No, he knows precisely why.*

*“Jim” Leonard sighed, brandishing a hypo of the strongest sober inhibitor on this side of the federation. “Why are you lying supine on my office floor?”*

*Jim lifted his head, red-rimmed eyes catching on one of his oldest friends.*

*There was a sheen of water over his brown eyes.*

*Concern overwrote irritation and McCoy abandoned the syringe. Striding to the middle of the floor and crouching.*

*“ Jimmy, what happened?” Leonard asked, putting his hand behind his friend's neck and back and lifting and scooting until he rested against the desk.*

*Jim’s head lolled, and glazed chocolate eyes grabbed onto him.*

*“I don’t think I was meant to be loved bones” Jim laughed quietly, it was not a laugh one heard from the starship captain often. It was one....*

*It held no kindness for himself and Leonard felt his chest constrict at hearing the tone again.*

*“What made you think such a fool thing like that?” Leonard huffed, spotting the bottle of his expensive bourbon near the couch.*

*Jimmy had been here a while, mourning something.*

*“.....Do you remember that early 20th-century theory, that all matter was all that ever existed? That it couldn’t be created or destroyed, just changed and changed until the end of time?” Jim asked, memories of that specific section*

*of his mandatory sciences classes running through his head.*

*“The Law of Conservation of Mass” McCoy nodded, he was familiar.*

*He had a feeling it wasn't just about science, if Jim was getting drunk because he was having an existential crisis because of science he'd be in Spock's office.*

*Jim's head nodded, and his hand grabbed at his friend's sleeve.*

*“I think they were right, in some ways” he made a low humming noise. Eyelashes brushing and coming back wet. “Souls, they're made and die and made again. Over and over and over. And mine had been entwined for all those mortalities, to a man who cannot be mine”*

*Leonard's face shuddered in understanding, he closed his eyes and brought an arm around Jim's shoulders. Light hair hit his uniform-clad shoulder.*

*“What happened with Spock?” The doctor asked the captain softly, kindly. If the crew could see this now, they'd be coming to him with whiplash.*

*Jim laughed, and the echo of his cruelty to himself bounced around the room.*

*“Nothing Leonard, Nothing at all”*

*And in that, lay the problem.*

*A hundred lifetimes made anew beside his soul.*

*And nothing ever happened-*

“Will, what are you doing in my closet?”

Will's head popped out of the closet, at the sound of Mike's hesitant voice.

He turned, notebook clenched in very tight hands to look at his best friend.

Black eyes locked onto the green notebook.

He didn't think Mike Wheeler could go paler, he had always had a moon drop complexion, but it happened.

Chalk, chalky white.

Will hurried to assure him he had not meant to invade his privacy.

“I was looking for my coat I left here yesterday, you said you put it in your closet” Will spoke absentmindedly, his eyes going back to the words in front of him. “I didn't mean to snoop! But it was lying face up and I went to put it back wherever it fell from and I saw the words Kirk and thought it was a theory notebook like Dustin has”

Mike's face was cold, stone cold. Not moving, not emoting. Not even twitching.

His eyes were shaking though, and he could hear the reverberating roar of his panic in his ears.

Will *found* it, he found the story. The self-indulgent, secret exposing story that Mike has poured his nerves and his regret into with shaking hands and-

He was gonna hate him, any minute now he'd lose his best friend.

Mike started to shake fully, biting his lip.

He's going to lose the boy he loved the most.

"This is good" Will breathed, not seeing the fragile water that fell before the words sunk in. His eyes were buried in the romance, the poetic tension Mike had written to life. "Like *really* good Mike when did you-"

Will turned, smile catching and falling like glass on his face.

A lance of sharp and deep concern ran through his chest when he saw the stricken layer of fear in ebony eyes.

It became a rifle shot of panic through his chest when he saw the tears a second later.

Will was clamoring up and to him, almost tripping over too-small shoes and hated gap sweaters.

"Mikey..." He gently grabbed Mike's arms, his friend.

Mike flinched at his hands for the first time in an entire decade. Bracing himself, for actions he didn't think Will would do....

But what he thought the world would, what the world thought people like him deserved.

Mike held the brace for a minute, expecting a blow or a shove or-



A warm hand came to rest on his back, close to his neck. Mike's head hit Will's slightly as he was brought slowly into a hug.

Mike's eyes widened, cobalt black burning at the familiar gesture. The unchanging way Will would grab and hold him from the top of his back and the small of it.

Mike hesitantly, and with more hope than he'd had in many years that someone would see him *actually* see him and not look away...not scream.

Grabbed back tighter, ducking his head and hiding the persistent water that wouldn't get the memo to stop.

"Mikey, why are you crying?" Will softly asked, the question seeped in intense worry. Deepened even more by the dampness he could feel starting on his shoulder. "Hey it's *okay*, I'm not. It's a good story! I liked it, actually really liked it. But I'm kind of sad too. In a good way, but I'm sorry I just read it without--"

"You don't *hate* me?"

Will froze, head turning as best it could to look for Mike's face on his shoulder. Black curls tickled his face. His best friend didn't look up.

But freckled hands gripped tighter at his button-up. Shaking.

"....No" Will breathed gently, the thought of ever hating Mike Wheeler so foreign he thinks his ears are rejecting the vibrations that carried the notion. "No Mike *never*, and especially not because you write really good side stories about our favorite show"

"But.....they're" Mike pulled back a little, strands of his hair sticking and

decorating his face from where they'd met salty water. "*Together* will, they're meant to be together. *Romantically* in the story"

Did he not get that far in the story? Maybe miss a few...longing words?

"Yeah, I mean I could tell. I really liked the speech Kirk made about them being soulmates" Will nodded, he thinks Mike just looks plain confused. "Mike, I'm saying I don't mind that they're together. I agree that they *should* be together"

That seemed to shock him, cause suddenly he was looking at small black buttons instead of sad wide blackberries.

"You, do?"

"Uh, yes? You've seen the looks they give each other, they have to have something going on" Will nodded fast, Mike's mouth was dropping and closing at record speed.

And then after a long, long few minutes.

He nodded, eyes falling and a blotchy red blush covering his freckles.

"They do" Mike's eyes went to the closet, where the notebook lay on its back. "I think they're really good together"

That brought a twitching, unbelievable smile to Will's face. He smothered it, nope this is *not* the time to be shocked Mike wrote about two guys falling in love. This is a time to reassure his best friend he wasn't being judged, that he was *here* and still cared.

He could be shocked later. His heart could burst for joy at the house, while

screaming, and jumping up and down. Maybe thanking god.

After apologizing for doubting the random god for ten years, because Mike *does*.

He does understand Will. Somehow, he understands him in this way. Because frankly....

He wouldn't have looked so panicked and hid the story so well if it wasn't important.

"They are good together" Will nodded and turned to look at the notebook too. "I was very invested, I think I read half of it--"

"...Half of the first one?" Mike asked quietly, and Will's head snapped to him so fast that Mike jumped. "What?"

"There's *more*?" Will's eyes were wide, and maybe there was a whole constellation hidden in there.

"I mean, yeah? I couldn't fit it all in those composition books" Mike shrugged and rubbed his arm. "They only have like eighty pages each"

Oh. Oh MIKE WAS WRITING *NOVELS*?!

"Can I read them?" Will suddenly asked, making Mike look at him surprised. Eyes wide. "Your story, can I read the notebooks?"

Mike blinked at him, turned and pointed at the closet, and then looked back at him as if to say 'that? Do you want to read all of that? Really?'.

Will nodded. Yes, he wanted to read that.

“Are you sure? It’s, I mean I’m not good at writing” Mike bit his lip. Will gave him a look.

It said ‘you are a liar and I will shake you to prove my point’.

“What? I’m not” Mike insisted, and that made it worse!

Mike huffed a laugh, as Will started to *glare*.

“Da Vinci didn’t know he was *the* Da Vinci” Will pointed, face determined.

*“I’m not fucking da Vinci!”* Mike hissed, face bursting into flames at the notion of the comparison. “That’s you!”

“Do not start with me Michael, I can go all day!” Will stuck his tongue out, his own face heating up.

Mike thought he was the da Vinci in this situation?

His mom is gonna be so concerned when he gets home and yells at the top of his lungs.

“I really do want to read it though, if you’re okay with that,” Will said after they’d pouted at each other for a good five minutes. “I do like it, a lot”

Mike's face went pink again, but after thinking for a long minute. And double-checking by looking between Will and the closet.

He bit his lip and nodded.

“Yeah, I mean sure?” He went to the closet and picked up the first book. Going on his tiptoes and hopping until he reached the box at the end of the top shelf.

Will had to gape, he hid them so high Mike himself had to jump. Mike is six feet *even*.

Mike dragged the shoe box down and turned back to Will with it. He knocked off the top and inside were three other composition books. One blue and one orange.

“Green goes first, then orange and blue” Mike instructed, and Will nodded. Seriously, he looked like he was taking Mike's notes on how to win a battle. “It’s not that good but it’s long so...”

“I’ll love it” Will promised, shooting Mike a warm smile and taking the box carefully. “Thank you for letting me read them”

Mike smiled, small and crooked and beautiful.

“Thanks for wanting to *read* them” he shrugged, face breaking out into a vulnerable smile.

Black and Hazel met for a minute...

And Mike couldn’t help but draw similarities, even if they weren’t there.

*“The way they look at each other”*

He wonders if Will ever sees how he looks at him. So closely and besottedly to how Kirk looks at Spock, that Mike should be sued.

For plagiarism.

***K n o c k***

***K n o c k***

***K n o c k***

“Unless you are someone coming to tell me the sky is falling, or you are that crow I’m trying to befriend I will *kill* you” Mike snarled, head popping out from under his pillow. He’s been having a nice fucking nap, until the pecking at his window-

Mike froze when his eyes hit the glass pane.

“Hi, can I come in? This is harder than Steve makes it look”

“.....Will?!” Mike almost choked on his tongue and tripped on his comforter as he ran to his window. Popping the lock open and sliding the glass up. He grabbed at his friend's shirt and tried to help him pull himself into the room.

Will got in after a good minute or two, tripping and almost hitting the floor with his face a few times but getting on his feet in the end.

He dusted off his clothes, and a few *leaves* fell. What did he do? Bike here and then climb up Mike's window?

Mike leaned and looked outside, the sight of not yet familiar handlebars of his new bike hidden in the bushes brought a flush to his face.

*He did!*

“What’re you doing here?” Mike asked, shaking his head to wave away the flush. He looked over at his friend who was cupping his hands.”And why are you looking at me like you can’t decide if you want to kill me or not?”

It was a very intense stare, Mike felt underdressed in his pajamas.

“I am not” Will reassured him. And then breathed in, walking closer.

Mike's hands found themselves held, *clasped* in tanner ones. His eyes were stuck on the motion.

His face was now stuck on pink too-*what was happening?!*

“I am going to beg” Wills started, he had bags under his eyes now that Mike was close enough to see them. His lovely hazel eyes were a little glazed.

“Offer my house, my bike, my mule, and my cow”

“You have two of those things,” Mike absentmindedly said, eyes no longer leaving their held hands. Warm, very warm.

“I will *find* a cow and a mule, please keep writing the story!” Will whined, despair apparent in his voice. “I’m here to beg you, to finish the masterpiece you cruelly gave to me unfinished”

“You're the one who asked me to give it to you!” Mike defended himself,

even if his face was approaching fire engine color. Masterpiece?!

What the fuck, no it is not. It is Mike's self-indulgence at *best*.

“And it was both the best decision I’ve made and the most heartbreaking. Please keep writing, you left me at a cliffhanger and I cannot *function* like this” Will was close to pouting, lip wobbling.

Oh.

Mike's shoulders relaxed, eyes lighting up a little. He couldn't...he couldn't believe it.

“You liked it?” He asked hesitantly. He got a very fast nod for his troubles. “You’re not pulling one over on me or just being nice, you like it?”

“Mike I biked, straight here after reading the last sentence and scaled your trellises in broad daylight” Will blankly said. “I fucking *loved* it”

Mike.....

“You do?”

Okay, he *squeaked*.

Mike beamed a bit, lips twitching into a happy smile. Will has to blink and wonder if god actually liked him two days in a row.

“What part did you like? Did I get too heavy on the dialogue or too few? And do you think I should have spent more time on their missions?” Mike was talking as fast as he ever had, looking more excited than Will had seen in a



minute.

Will smiled, a dimple popping up and distracting Mike with its cuteness. He wanted to poke it, and brush his thumb over it.

“Well *all* of it, but I liked Kirk’s inner monologue a lot. The dialogue was good, you spaced it well with descriptions. And I think if you went deeper on the missions we’d have six notebooks to talk about.” Will dutifully reported. Mike’s eyes were gleaming. “You did amazing”

That brought back the flush, and Will wanted to paint that. Commit it to paper alongside his memories.

Watercolors, Mike would look so beautiful in watercolors.

“Thanks” Mike was flustered, and still couldn't believe it but... “You really want me to keep writing it?”

Will nodded again, breaking a speed record somewhere on the east coast.

“I guess I, I mean I just finished that chapter last week so I can start writing the next one now?” Mike offered, nodding.

He could write, actually with the way Will's face broke into a practical sunbeam and lit up his room with warmth....

Mike had enough inspiration to write two more notebooks worth.

“Really?!” Will was giddy, and he dropped their hands and grabbed Mike by the arms, pulling him into a hug. Mike held him back, hiding an honestly telling smile in his shoulder. “*Thank you*”

Mike's eyes softened more and he mouthed a small, and very heartfelt...

'No, thank *you*'

Into the fabric of Will's shirt- which now that Mike is looking away from Will's face he noticed, this was the same shirt he had on yesterday?

Mike is concerned his best friend might have read through the whole night and day.

They pulled back after a bit, and Mike went to his desk. Will tilted his head and followed.

Mike pulled out a purple composition book this time, blank and new. He grabbed his pencil from the same drawer and turned around.

"Any requests?" Mike's smile pinched at his face in one corner as he asked.

"Happy ending?" Will smiled back, drinking in the sight of Mike in his natural element.

Mike nodded and sat down in his desk chair. Turning to the first page and putting pencil to paper.

Will leaned slightly over his shoulder, raw awe in his eyes as he got to watch the process. He'd always been the *watched* when it came to art.

Mike smiled down at the pages, face warm as Will's arms leaned on the back of the chair. Brushing his neck.

Yeah, he decided right then and there, this was going to be the happiest ending he could possibly write.